

# Good 570 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**H. ROBERTSON HOLMES talks about Traffic Lights, Submarines, Rockets, and such-like inventions which raised a universal howl of laughter and made the public cry "The Inventor is crazy!"—but was he?**

## IT'S CRAZY, BUT IT WORKS

PIERRE PIERONT lived in a but, of course, there wasn't Glider Club which used to fly at Dunstable Downs!

Pilly district, and he was fed-up to the teeth with having a back wheel, and he was pedalling in mid-air.

Then he let a little gas out of the envelope, and discovered that immediately he got under way with the bike he was just towing a reluctant balloon along in his slip-stream.

It was a fine idea—but it just didn't work. There have been hundreds of similar semi-failures, as a result of which we are inclined to think that inventors are crazy after all. The truth is that they are just disappointed folk...

Pieront was disillusioned in the year 1869—but five other men have been bitterly disappointed by the same notion since then. As recently as 1937 the weight of the bike, and so a provisional patent was taken out for a glider-assisted cycle, He tried cycling up the road, by a keen member of the

They all thought he was crazy—yet over fifty years later, in 1926, the "first" traffic lights were introduced.

The world just forgot the crazy invention on Bridge-street, which, if legalised and improved, might in the intervening years have saved thousands of lives in traffic accidents.

Commander Cole, R.N., had a good idea. He took an ordinary field gun carriage, and in place of the barrel fitted a series of iron supports, holding rockets.

They possess a great advantage over other species of artillery," wrote a military commentator in 1877, "owing to the ease with which they can be used at sea from small boats. For military operations they also claim the great advantage of being easily used in mountainous passes and marshes where it is impossible to take artillery."

Gaping crowds collected, and police were employed to move the crowds on. When the police went, neither pedestrians nor drivers bothered about the gas-lit semaphores.

The thing wasn't legal. The public laughed the idea off the streets, and the M.P. just went on thinking up bright new questions to ask in the Lobby.

But the Army laughed at the idea. Fancy firing at the

enemy with rockets! What a tors have taken their ideas straight from the pages of Jules Verne—and yet the ideas have worked. Verne, once a sailor, and for some time secretary to the Lyric Theatre, Paris, invented all his own plots and novelties.

While working on a small job on the Bourse—the Paris Stock Exchange—he spent his evenings writing the novel, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," recently serialised in "Good Morning." It was an immediate success.

He threw the job up, settled down to full-time writing, and in his lifetime completed more than ten million words, all written with his own hand.

He did not make a fortune—but he might have become rich had he been content to patent his ideas instead of just writing about them.

Other writers, as well as Hollywood, have made small fortunes out of the ideas he pioneered.

Verne's "The Astonishing Adventures of the Barsac Mission" really "invented" modern broadcasting. "The Secret of Wilhelm Storitz" told the tale of an eighteenth-century alchemist who found the secret of invisibility. It is the father of all stories of the "invisible man" variety.

"Robur the Conqueror" gave details of a compressed-paper-hulled electrically driven helicopter that is far more advanced than any aircraft we have to-day. He forestalled most mechanical details of modern submarines with his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Now, all over the country,

Before the war it was something of a novelty to see an amateur in League football. About the only three to hold regular places were Gibbons (Spurs), Burns (Brentford) and Bernard Joy.

"Give Bill my love. Tell him to hurry home. Now I'm going to get on with my fish and chips," she added.

Now, all over the country,

they had not heard from your brother George in Italy for three weeks. Charlie Shakespeare, the repatriated prisoner, who had been home on leave, was returning the day we were there, and Jimmy Herbert is now on his way home.

By the way, George and the girl he was going out with

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# The Iron Man cried like a child

YOUTH will be served—this saying flashed into King's mind, and he remembered the first time he had heard it, the night when he had put away Stowshier Bill. The toff who had bought him a drink after the fight and patted him on the shoulder had used those words. Youth will be served! The toff was right. And on that night in the long ago he had been Youth. Tonight Youth sat in the opposite corner. As for himself, he had been fighting for half an hour now, and he was an old man. Had he fought like Sandel, he would not have lasted fifteen minutes. But the point was that he did not recuperate. Those upstanding arteries and that sorely tried heart would not enable him to gather strength in the intervals between the rounds. And he had not had sufficient strength in him to begin with.

**His legs were heavy under him and beginning to cramp. He should not have walked those two miles to the fight. And there was the steak which he had got up longing for that morning. A great and terrible hatred rose**

up in him for the butchers who had refused him credit. It was hard for an old man to go into a fight without enough to eat. And a piece of steak was such a little thing, a few pennies at best; yet it meant thirty quid to him.

With the gong that opened the eleventh round, Sandel rushed, making a show of freshness which he did not really possess. King knew it for what it was—a bluff as old as the game itself. He clinched to save himself, then going free, allowed Sandel to get set. This was what King desired. He feinted with his left, drew the answering duck and swinging upward hook, then made the half-step backward, delivered the upper cut full to the face and crumpled Sandel over to the mat. After that he never let him rest, receiving punishment himself, but inflicting far more, smashing Sandel to the

ropes, hooking and driving all his tortured hands. Though now manner of blows into him, tearing he was receiving practically no away from his clinches or punching punishment, he was weakening as him out of attempted clinches, and rapidly as the other. His blows ever when Sandel would have fallen, went home, but there was no longer catching him with one uplifting the weight behind them, and each hand and with the other immediately smashing him into the ropes where he could not fall.

The house by this time had gone mad, and it was his house, nearly every voice yelling: "Go it, Tom!" "Get 'im!" "You've got 'im!" It was to be a whirlwind finish, and that was what a ringside audience paid to see.

And Tom King, who for half an hour had conserved his strength, now expended it prodigally in the one great effort he knew he had in him. It was his one chance—now or not at all. His strength was waning fast, and his hope was that before the last of it ebbed out of him he would have beaten his opponent down for the count. And as he continued to strike and force, coolly estimating the weight of his blows and the quality of the damage wrought, he realised how hard a man Sandel was to knock out. Stamina and endurance were his to an extreme degree, and they were the virgin stamina and endurance of youth. Sandel was certainly a coming man. He had it in him. Only out of such rugged fibre were successful fighters fashioned.

Sandel was reeling and staggering, but Tom King's legs were calling encouragement to their back on him. Yet he steeled himself to strike the fierce blows, every one of which brought anguish to

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Don't look round now, skipper, but I think we're being followed!"

## Concluding A PIECE OF STEAK

By JACK LONDON

high, to the solar plexus, and a dubitably his. He had out-generally cross to the jaw. They were alled him, outfought him, out-not heavy blows, yet so weak and pointed him. Sandel reeled out of dazed was Sandel that he went the clinch, balanced on the hair line down and lay quivering. The between defeat and survival. One referee stood over him, shouting good blow would topple him over the count of the fatal seconds in and down and out. And Tom King, his ear. If before the tenth in a flash of bitterness, remem-second was called, he did not rise, bared the piece of steak, and the fight was lost. The house wished that he had it then behind stood in hushed silence. King that necessary punch he must rested on trembling legs. A deliver. He nerved himself for the mortal dizziness was upon him, blow, but it was not heavy enough and before his eyes the sea of nor swift enough.

Sandel swayed, but did not fall, staggering back to the ropes and holding on. King staggered after him, and, with a pang like that of dissolution, delivered another blow. But his body had deserted him. All that was left of him was a fighting intelligence that was dimmed and clouded from exhaustion. The blow that was aimed for the jaw struck no higher than the shoulder. He had willed the blow higher, but the tired muscles had not been able to obey. And, from the impact of the blow, Tom King himself reeled back and nearly fell. Once again he strove. This time his punch missed altogether, and, from absolute weakness, he fell against Sandel and clinched, holding on to him to save himself from sinking to the floor.

Only youth could rise, and Sandel rose. At the fourth second he rolled over on his face and groped blindly for the ropes. By the seventh second he had dragged himself to his knee, where he rested, his head rolling groggily on his shoulders. As the referee cried "Nine!" Sandel stood upright, in proper stalling position, his left arm wrapped about his face, his right wrapped about his stomach. Thus were his vital points guarded, while he lurched forward towards King in the hope of effecting a clinch and gaining more time.

At the instant Sandel arose, King was at him, but the two blows he delivered were muffled on the stalled arms. The next moment Sandel was in the clinch and held.

under him; while Sandel's backers, strove to drag the two men apart, cheered by this symptom, began King helped to force himself free. Youth recovered, and he knew that

King was spurred to a burst of Sandel was his if he could prevent effort. He delivered two blows that recovery. One stiff punch in succession—a left, a trifle too would do it. Sandel was his, in-

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ For today



### Answers to Quiz in No. 569

1. A raceme is a machine used in dog racing, cluster of flowers, frame of a crinoline skirt, pill?
2. What is the most perfect example of streamlining?
3. What is the capital of the Azores?
4. Who were (a) Pavlov, (b) Pavlova?
5. What is the oldest capital city in South America?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Pliocene, Miocene, Plasticene, Eocene, Oligocene.

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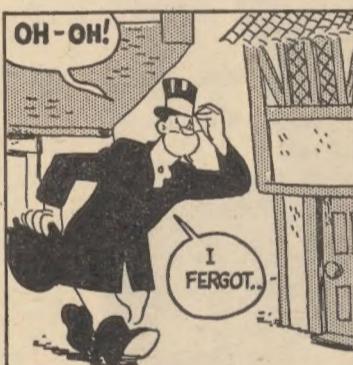
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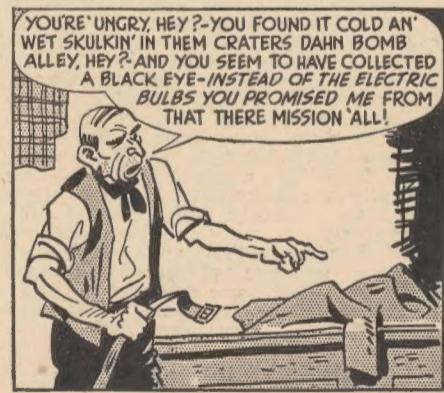
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### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



A BOLITION of tipping by a revised tariff would bring about a better understanding with the public.

Also needed are better and more adequately equipped garages and a system of insurance exclusive to the cab trade. A system of insurances with staff benefits for sickness and accident, and a canteen, are also suggested.

Being 100 per cent. together, the choice of the type of car would be easier, and the whole system would prevent the "cutting and carving which leads to police courts."

YOUNG people who are "educated and refined" are fighting shy of entering the hairdressing business, according to a complaint made at a meeting of the Court of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers. The reason suggested why more young people did not join the craft was "the curse of tipping."

THE old-fashioned girl who used to go to the city and stop at the Y.W.C.A., now has a daughter who goes to the city and stops at nothing.

# WANGLING WORDS—509

1. Insert consonants in \*U\*\*U\*\*Y and \*A\*\*O\*\*Y and get two districts in France.

2. Here are two English kings whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Who are they?

RADETS — HENPHIRC.

3. If "send" is the "end" of dispatches, what is the end of (a) Curves, (b) Repairs, (c) Lasting Out?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 508

1. GALAPAGOS, BAHAMAS.
2. GROCER—CHEMIST.
3. (a) Revel, (b) Sever.
4. E-Thel, Ma-Ble.

# JANE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# A PIECE OF STEAK

(Continued from Page 2)  
and futile at first, became stiff and accurate.

**Tom King's bleared eyes saw** stepped to the centre of the ring, the gloved fist driving at his jaw, and the audience hushed its pandemonium to hear him accept young interposing his arm. He saw the Pronto's challenge and offer to danger, willed the act; but the increase the side bet to one arm was too heavy. It seemed hundred pounds. King looked on burdened with a hundredweight apathetically while his seconds of lead. It would not lift itself, mopped the streaming water from him, dried his face, and prepared soul. Then the gloved fist landed him to leave the ring. He felt home. He experienced a sharp hungry. It was not the ordinary, snap that was like an electric gnawing kind, but a great faintness, spark, and, simultaneously, a palpitation at the pit of the veil of blackness enveloped him.

When he opened his eyes again to all his body. He remembered he was in his corner, and he heard back into the fight to the moment the yelling of the audience like the when he had Sandel swaying and roar of the surf at Bondi Beach, tottering on the hair-line balance. A wet sponge was being pressed of defeat. Ah, that piece of steak against the base of his brain, and would have done it! He had lacked Sid Sullivan was blowing cold just that for the decisive blow, and water in a refreshing spray over his he had lost. It was all because of face and chest. His gloves had the piece of steak.

His seconds were half-supporting him as they helped him through the ropes. He tore free from them, ducked through the ropes unaided, and leaped heavily to the floor, following on their

heels as they forced a passage for him down the crowded centre aisle. Leaving the dressing-room for the street, in the entrance to the hall, some young fellow spoke to him.

"W'y didn't yuh go in an' get 'im when yuh 'ad him?" the young fellow asked.

"Aw, go to hell!" said Tom King, and passed down the steps to the sidewalk.

The doors of the public-house at the corner were swinging wide, and he saw the lights and the smiling barmaids, heard the many voices discussing the fight and the prosperous chink of money on the bar. Somebody called to him to have a drink. He hesitated perceptibly, then refused and went on his way.

He had not a copper in his pocket, and the two-mile walk home seemed very long. He was certainly getting old. Crossing the Domain, he sat down suddenly on a bench, unnerved by

the thought of the missus sitting old Stowshier Bill! He could up for him, waiting to learn the understand now why Bill had outcome of the fight. That was cried in the dressing-room harder than any knock-out, and it seemed almost impossible to face.

THE END

Answers to Intelligence Test in No. 569.

1. Very good butter can be made from sour milk if salt is added. False. (You may have "very sour" instead of "very good.")

2. Ox is a species of animal; others are sex-names.

3. Lancaster. (Port and County Town.)

4. Friday.

5. Apples.

6. Well is vertical; others horizontal.

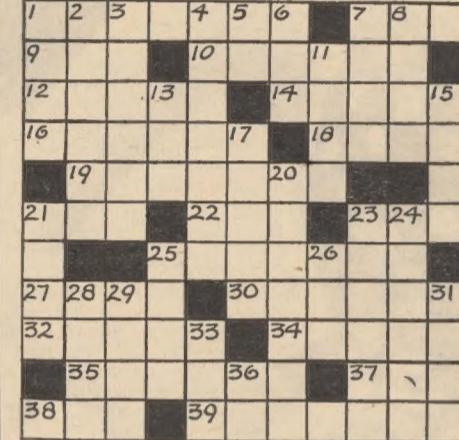
7. Best.

8. Saturday.

# CROSSWORD CORNER

## CLUES ACROSS.

1. Facetious.
7. Veto.
9. Quite.
10. Sweetmeat.
12. Outlook.
14. Lively dance.
16. Boy's name.
18. Communication.
19. Dare.
21. Through.
22. Confection.
23. Boater.
25. Vigilant.
27. American state.
30. Bagpipe sounds.
32. Savoury.
34. Part of British Empire.
35. Fame.
37. Limb.
38. Annoy.
39. Black person.



## CLUES DOWN.

1. Rinse.
2. Recess.
3. Scowl.
4. Sluggishness.
5. Thus.
6. Squeeze.
7. Package.
8. Jot.
11. Spirited.
13. Shallow vessel.
15. Harbour.
17. Edible birds.
20. Smoking.
21. And.
23. Fence frame.
24. Friends.
25. Gorse.
26. Part of fish.
28. Gross minus net.
29. Tip.
31. Droops.
33. Put on.
36. Pronoun.



# Coloured Cartoons

I HAVE been asked about making coloured cartoon films.

In normal motion picture photography, 24 separate exposures are made in a second, each one photographing the object in a slightly different position from its predecessor. The slightly different position corresponds with the movement of the object during the 24th of a second between exposures.

In cartoon photography a series of drawings is made. If drawing No. 1 is that of the object to be photographed in a certain position, drawing No. 2 will be that of the object in the position to which it has moved and in which it is desired to be shown a 24th of a second later, etc.

In practice, a single drawing may be used for the background of all the individual pictures comprising an entire scene; in front of this background are placed in succession the drawings of the moving objects. These drawings of the moving objects consist of pieces of celluloid cut in the form of the outline of the object and upon which the details of the figure are drawn or painted.

The camera which is to photograph this series of drawings is solidly mounted over a stand and carries a number of devices which permit the drawings to be placed in front of the camera, one after another.

Since, in cartoon photography, there are 24 of these stationary pictures to be photographed in a second, for a cartoon which will run ten minutes on the screen there must obviously be 14,400 separate drawings.

DEREK RICHARDS.

# PHIZ QUIZ



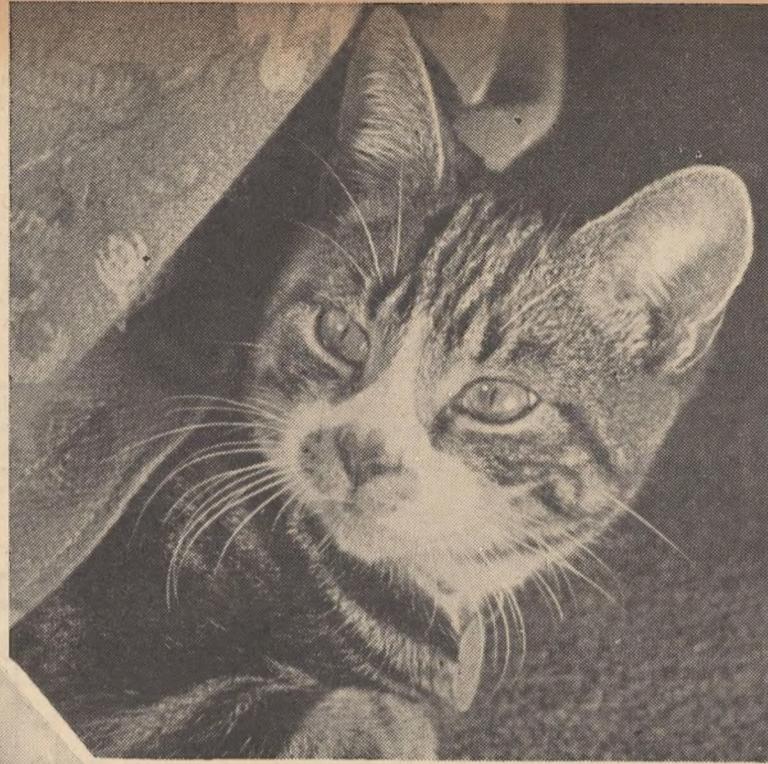
He plays the ukulele. He's often cleaning windows. He's a great pal of a Mr. Woo who keeps a Chinese laundry.

(Answer in No. 571)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 569: Will Hay.

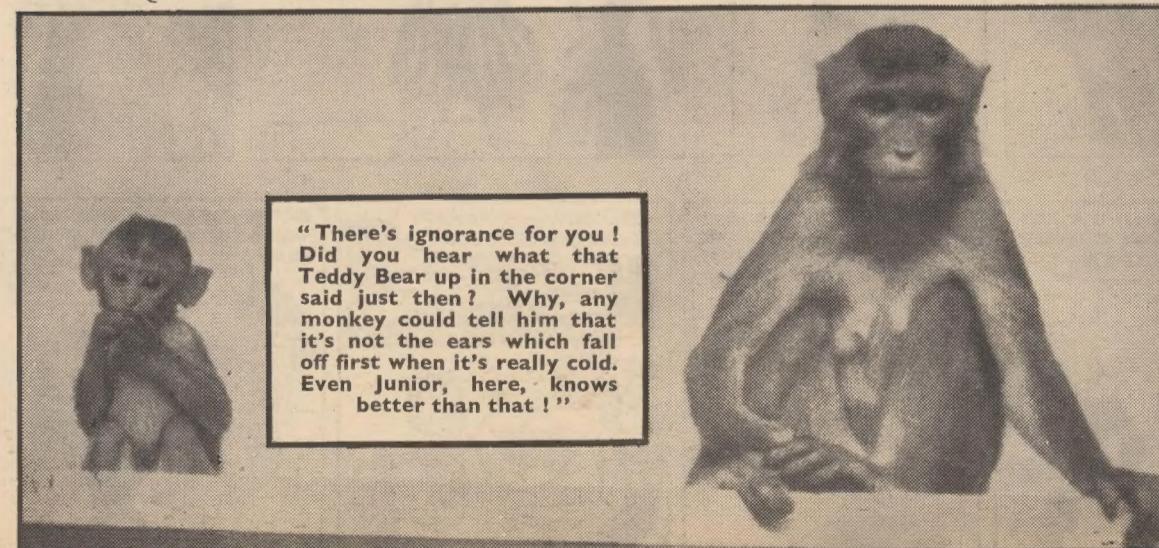
# Good Morning

Dusty Anderson, they call her at Columbia. But we say most decidedly, "Not so dusty" !



"I'm still searching for that old woman of mine. Calls herself the Ship's Cat, they tell me. She'll get a wise crack when I meet up with her!"

★  
SO THIS IS LONDON. When the pigeons held a party in Trafalgar Square, this elderly lion by Landseer suffered the indignity of several direct hits by the feathered dive-bombers.



"There's ignorance for you! Did you hear what that Teddy Bear up in the corner said just then? Why, any monkey could tell him that it's not the ears which fall off first when it's really cold. Even Junior, here, knows better than that!"

"Brr! If you ask me, it's cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey, eh, Toots?"

"Nonsense, Bear! I've found there's nothing like a crisp morning for putting a spot of colour in one's cheeks."



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What a subject to squabble over."

